Wichita Eagle

LIONS IN HARNESS.

The Long Training Needed by the Desert King Before He'll Slave.

The very spirited illustration of three lions driven abreast by a man standing erect in a Roman chariot is familiar to most residents in London. It portrays, without the usual absurd exaggeration of mural art, an entertainment which is given daily at the French exhibition at Earl's court.

In the center of the large circular space which has been used during the last few years for the display of the Indians of the Wild West, the sports of the Roman amphitheatre, etc., is erected a smaller circle, securely surrounded with iron bars, having at the back an inclosed building containing dens. The "open sesame" of my host passed us into the private recesses of this prison house, in which I found four young lions, the oldest being about 3 years of age.

These constituted the trained troupe, and there was also one younger scholar, who had just been added to the collection. The education of this one was just commencing, and he still retained the feline characteristics to such an extent that any approach to familiarity was met by a snarl which displayed the unshed milk teeth of the owner, looking as sharp and needlelike as those of a puppy.

The training of these young lions rarely occupies less space of time than twelve months, and is chiefly accomplished by kindness. Mr. Darling, their trainer, informed me that he regarded force as not being desirable, as it excited the animals to rebellion and was not conducive to obedience, whereas, trained under the system adopted, each animal knows its name and answers to it. So successful are the methods employed by Mr. Darling that he has never been bitten by the animals during the time he has had them in hand.

In addition to the lions the collection includes two huge Bavarian boarhounds, which take a very prominent part in the performance.

After this introduction to the performers I took my seat with the audience to witness the exhibition. Mr. Darling and his assistant entered the arena with the lions and one of the dogs; the former, at the word of command, leaped up upon pedestals and arranged themselves in pyramidal groups. While in this position Mr. Darling placed the ends of two scarfs in the mouths of the lions, forming festoons, over and under which one of the dogs leaped; two of the lions then stepped upon a plank forming a seesaw, the dog leaping on to the center and swaying it from side to side.

One of the lions then mounted a tricycle, working the pedals moving the front wheel with its fore feet, while the boarhound was pushing behind. The chariot was then brought forward; one lion entered readily between the shafts, and two others took their places at either side, one proving rather refractory; but after sundry growls he submitted to the stronger will of the trainer, who mounted the chariot and drove the trio round the circle.

The performance is very distinct from that of lion tamers in general, who rule their charges with rods of iron and prod them with points worse than the stings of scorpions, utilizing the fear and terror of the animals at the superior power of man. Mr. Darling, on the other hand, is very familiar with the members of his troupe. The manner in which he took hold of the forelegs of one of the largest and pulled him down from his pedestal when he was not sufficiently quick in descending was amusing.

The lions are of African descent, but, like the majority of the species now in menageries, have all been born in captivity, and familiarized with man from their birth. Whether they will retain their docility as they advance toward their full size remains to be seen; but at present they offer the most complete specimens of trained lions that it has ever been the writer's fortune to witness. —London Field.

A Beggar's Excuse.

Some of the beggars who infest Park row are very bright, indeed. By constant practice they become admirable judges of character from facial expression. The ones who are most successful are those who come out frankly and own what they want money for. A very common device is to ask for a cent with which to get over the bridge. The other day a well dressed man was approached by a sorrowful looking man at the bridge entrance, who whined in a crying tone:

"Say, mister, will you please give me a cent? I want to get across the bridge."

The man addressed shoved his hand into his pocket and drew out a ticket for the bridge promenade. The tramp looked at it with a disappointed expression and then exclaimed:

"That ain't no good to me, sir; I want to get over the bridge in a hurry on the cars. My grandmother's dying."—New York Journal.

Unexpected Generosity.

A woman entered a drug store not far from Beacon street the other evening, and said that she wished to purchase a toothbrush. The proprietor laid out a number of these articles upon the counter for her inspection, and turned away to attend to the wants of another customer. In a short time the female approached him and said in the sweetest of tones:

"I have tried them all, and think that I like this one the best, so will take it."

The astonished proprietor took one look at her, gave one moment to silent reflection and meditation, then said:

"Madam, you may have them all for the price of this one. I will make you a present of them."

The woman no doubt is yet wondering at the cause of his unexpected generosity. —Boston Record.

Jay Gould has a brother in St. Louis named Abraham Gould, the burden of whose life is his relationship. He is the purchasing agent of the Missouri Pacific railway on a moderate salary, and he complains that he cannot go anywhere without hearing somebody whisper: "There goes Jay Gould's brother."

A baggage smasher calls for a baggage lifting machine. He says the baggage smasher wears out almost as fast as the trunks he is thought to take such a fiendish delight in breaking. No mortal man can endure the strain of lifting hundreds of huge, unwieldy trunks day after day, year after year, and no mortal man ought to be expected to stand it.

THE BOYS WHO TAG ON BEHIND.

With a clash, and blare, and boom, and beat,
The big procession man hos
Through the lane of applause, through the shouting street,
And under the towering arches:
They march as grand as a conquering host,
With many a plume and banner,
As Sherman's army marched to the coast,
And into the streets of Savannah.
And the sun that glints from their helmets bright
Will dazzle, and gleam, and blind,
But there follows them, like a string to a kite,
The small boys who tag on behind.
The small boys who tag on behind, the small boys who tag on behind;
The best of the show, I would have you all know,
Is the small boy who tags on behind!

A rabble that wabbles and tumbles about
Like bummers who bring up the rear,
They jostle, and giggle, and quarrel, and shout,
And hoot, and jangle, and jeer:
But I watch for the glad ragamuffin parade,
For the brave little barefooted bummers,
And I leave the crowd for the Boys' brigade,
And I leave the fifers and drummers.

March on, my lads, for the route is long,
And the way is hard to find;
There's a long march ahead for the brave and strong,
And small boys who tag on behind.
The small boys who tag on behind, the small boys who tag on behind;
Long, long must you tread through the grim days ahead,
You small boys who tag on behind.
—Yankee Blade.

WAITING.

In the summer of 187- I visited a schoolmate of mine whose husband had lived some distance from the home of her girlhood in one of the rich parishes of Louisiana.

They lived out in the country, about twelve miles from the Mississippi river, and on the border of the loveliest sheet of water I ever beheld. It was a lake in reality, but the native inhabitants called it a river. They seemed to attach very little importance to the beauty of its scenery; indeed, it was ignored, except by strangers who visited the country. In the midst of this lake was an island, at times fairy like in the hazy atmosphere. From the residence of my friend it was my delight to contemplate the shifting reflection of droll houses and tall trees mirrored on the water's glassy surface. On fine evenings I sauntered on the banks and watched these changing aspects of sunset. Sometimes we drove around the shore that we might catch a glimpse of the orb extending itself into a fiery column across the waves.

During several of these rides my attention was attracted by a dilapidated dwelling which stood at some distance from the road. It was partly concealed by dense shrubbery, resembling in foliage the Cherokee rose.

Each time we passed the house I noticed the figure of a woman sitting at the top of the front steps. Her general appearance struck me as that of a creature in a forlorn condition. She seemed emaciated in form, was wretchedly clad, and wore over her head something which seemed to be a colored handkerchief. At first my curiosity was not in the least excited, for often on our excursions round the lake I had met women in similar attire. But when evening after evening we rode by and I saw the creature in the same position, her elbow upon her knee and her chin resting in the palm of her hand, I began to wonder whether she ever vacated her seat at the head of those stairs. The idea even occurred to me that she might be some permanent object which my vivid imagination had transformed into an aged crone.

"Who is she?" I ventured to ask my friend; "that ancient dame who has stationed herself over there?"

"Ancient dame!" she exclaimed, "why she is only a few years older than I am."

I scrutinized the youthful figure and well preserved features beside me.

"Impossible! she seems old enough to be your grandmother."

"Indeed she is not. I remember the time when we went to balls together. She was then an acknowledged belle, and so charming in appearance that she excited the envy of all the girls in the country."

"And, pray, what manner of evil has befallen the woman and reduced her to this untimely state of decrepitude?"

"Her history you may find sadly interesting. Shall I tell it to you now?"

"By all means," I replied, "and meanwhile I will watch the last rays of the sun sporting among the peach orchards and shanties on the island. The scenery demands admiration."

"You would not believe," began Estelle, "that the crazy old house we have just passed was once the residence of a planter who lived in 'grand style,' according to the opinion of his contemporaries, in antebellum days. Its appearance would justify you in doubting my statement, for there is no vestige left of its departed glory. It was, nevertheless, once considered a comfortable and attractive home, where the young people of that period often met for social enjoyments. I perceive from your face that it is difficult for you to associate those crumbling walls with a home once comfortable and pleasant. But you must bear in mind that this portion of the parish was settled by a class of people very simple and primitive in their mode of living.

They were under the impression that they had been blessed with the good things of life, and they accepted their lot with contentment. Old Mr. Jacob, the owner of the place, was a man of that sort. Although uneducated and somewhat uncouth in his manners, he was kind hearted and sociable, and always anxious to have his friends about him. He took particular pride in a flower garden, where jasmines and olives embalmed the air, and where choice roses and a variety of shrubbery flourished in reckless profusion! You now find no trace of this old fashioned garden; shrubs and plants have all been swept from existence."

"All but the Cherokee rose," I teasingly suggested. "Was that classed among the rare plants?"

"That thick growth which you have taken for the Cherokee," continued Estelle, "is a species of climbing rose, much like the cloth of gold. It once trailed over a summer house, and is, perhaps, the only relic left of the pleasant past. It is evident that the rose has grown wild, for it is rioting over the premises. Cecile, that 'ancient dame' of yours, was the youngest of Mr. Jacob's family. Just at the close of the war she was in the bloom of youth and a splendid type of Creole beauty—tall and lithe, and the grace of every motion gave one an undefined impression of the indolence and voluptuousness of her nature. She was a brunette with a rich color, and her dark eyes were as melting as those of a gazelle.

"The girl was not considered intelligent, and her education had been sadly neglected: but there was in her manners a native refinement which gave her entrance in the best society. I remember so well her appearance at a party given in honor of a company of recruits on the eve of their departure for northern Louisiana. Ball costumes in those days were not elaborate affairs, nor had fashion much voice in our little community. Estelle wore a satin robe somewhat antiquated in style, but it fitted her nicely and brought into strong relief the freshness of her beauty.

"You may imagine the disastrous effects of such a combination of loveliness on the rest of us maidens who had been less favored by nature. That evening Cecile received the homage of many a handsome and gallant cavalier. Among the number was Capt. Lymon, a Texan, whose regiment had done some service in the state. The reason of this officer's return to the parish was a matter of conjecture. He lingered, however, under a plausible pretext, spending most of his time flirting with the girls.

"But after his acquaintance with Cecile he changed his conduct and devoted himself exclusively to her. He was a man of education and apparently of high standing in life. Cecile was elated and accepted his attentions with unfeigned satisfaction. She renounced her life of frivolity and wrapped herself in a mantle of reserve at the approach of her former admirers. You must know that some time previous to this she had either engaged herself or given great encouragement to a cousin of hers, a Creole youth, also an officer in the army.

"Victor was dark and of small stature, but he possessed a sort of wild beauty which fascinated most people. There was a glint in his black eyes which reminded one of the leaping light in Algol. The boy was madly in love with his beautiful cousin, and there had been a time when she had given him every reason to believe that his affection was returned. But since her late infatuation she had grown cold, and would turn from him her luminous eyes each time he sought an explanation of the change which had overtaken her. He was determined not to relinquish his prize without a struggle; hence there were several meetings at the paternal home, where the antagonistic propensities of the suitors were exhibited in personal remarks. Capt. Lymon's assumption of haughtiness in the presence of his rival irritated Victor beyond endurance and aroused the demon of jealousy in his breast.

"One evening, as it often occurred, Cecile and her two lovers were pacing slowly up and down the garden walk. She held in her hand a bunch of violets which her cousin had gathered for her a few moments before. Several times she unconsciously raised it to her red lips, burying them in the odorous mass.

"'Pray, Miss Cecile,' said the captain, 'will you give me those flowers pressed so warmly to your lips?'

"Cecile looked inquiringly into her cousin's face.

"'Je te defends,' Victor muttered in a peremptory tone.

"The girl had been spoiled, and, unaccustomed to be dictated to, that voice of authority drove her to a hasty decision. Without a moment's hesitation she turned to Capt. Lymon and laid the flowers in his hand. Victor's eyes flashed with indignation at this unmerited blow to his manly pride. His cousin's cruelty clove to his heart as with a knife. He gave her a scornful look, turned upon his heels and departed. A week after this occurred Capt. Lymon was recalled to his post of duty. Thus Cecile found herself suddenly bereft of both her lovers.

"This circumstance was not calculated to enliven her situation. She now eschewed the gayeties of life, and relinquished further association with her old acquaintances.

"The country was then full of young girls, whose exuberance of spirits could not be checked even by the sad tidings which reached them from the closing scenes of war. We had little to do except to amuse ourselves, and we resorted to every possible means of satisfying our natural propensities for pleasure. We took great delight in horseback rides. There was a lack of cavaliers, but we did not care, and rode out in gay parties, half a dozen in a 'squad,' as we called it. Cecile had generally accompanied us in these jaunts, either along the river or down Grosse Tete lane to the woods, where the pungent odors of wild plants and flowers filled our senses with exhilarating delight.

"Before the complications of her love affairs Cecile had been the most interested one in our riding parties, for she was a graceful rider and fond of displaying her skill. But after the incident I have just related she declined with persistence every invitation to join us until we lost the habit of calling upon her when passing her gate.

"On our return home I will show you a clump of trees now battered and gnarled with age. They stand on the river bank in front of Mr. Jacob's dwelling. At the time alluded to they were young and vigorous, and so distributed that their limbs interlaced and formed a magnificent bower. It was a most inviting spot. Beneath this canopy of leaves Mr. Jacob had placed a number of comfortable seats, where he and his guests often enjoyed a siesta on warm summer days. The people of the neighborhood often stopped here, either for a rest or for the enjoyment of the cool breeze which comes from the river. One evening, on our return from a long and dusty ride, we passed the place at about sunset. The sight of the cool retreat reminded me of a spring which bubbled from the bank a few feet below it. I suggested the idea of dismounting in order to quench our thirst, and I was the first to leap from my pony and penetrate the shadowy recess. Guess my surprise when in the gathering twilight I perceived our deserted Cecile.

"She stood in the subdued light like a Calypso ready to resent an intrusion within the sacred precinct of her grotto.

"'Why, Cecile,' I exclaimed, 'I took you for a ghost!'

"For answer she burst into a little irritable laugh—'Thanks for your compliment.'

"I knew she was not in amiable mood, but went up to her and kissed her lightly on the cheek. She did not change her attitude nor unlock her arms from behind her. Her airs provoked me, and I walked to the bank, saying, 'I hope there is no law prohibiting people from quaffing a draught at the spring!'

"At that moment I heard the chatter of our little cavalcade. 'Oh, gracious, here's Cecile!' 'We thought you were dead and buried!' 'What have you been doing with yourself, Cecile?' 'Turning nun, I suppose, to expiate for the sin of breaking hearts.' 'What have you done with your lovers?' 'Where is poor Cousin Victor?' 'And the gallant captain?' These were some of the questions which fell upon her like a hail storm.

"I pitied the girl and rushed to her rescue. 'Girls,' I cried, at the same time struggling up the rugged steps in the embankment, 'come on—the water is deliciously cool.'

"But my invitation was unheeded: Cecile stood in the midst of her tormentors, more beautiful than I had ever seen her before. Notwithstanding her increasing anger there was in her eyes an expression which aroused my compassion. It was evident that the girl had suffered, and that she was anxious to hide the fact from us. Her struggles to control her emotions were vain; the color fled from her cheeks and her lips quivered. The conduct of her friends was rude and ungenerous, and she considered herself affronted.

"'How does that concern you? I must say I consider you most unmannerly,' were the words which fell upon us like a clap of thunder. Our astonishment knew no bounds, and without further ceremony we hastened from the scene where our pride had met so shocking a blow.

"This little incident happened about a month after Cecile's quarrel with her cousin Victor. No one had received tidings of him since his disappearance.

"We afterward heard that a few weeks after Capt. Lymon's departure Cecile had been the recipient of a document which proved beyond doubt the duplicity of the man for whose sake she had forfeited the love of a worthy man. Imagine her humiliation, her vain regrets and the remorse which must have gnawed at her heart like a worm. The evening we surprised her under the trees we were ignorant of this important state of affairs. Her incivility toward us proved that she misconstrued our motives in stopping; she supposed we had heard of her troubles, and to tease her we had purposely intruded upon her.

"This was the end of our association with her. The war was now ended and I returned to the convent to complete my education. One by one the soldiers came straggling home. Many were missing, but they were all accounted for; some had fallen in battle and others had succumbed to the hardships of war. But Victor, the handsome creole, never more gladdened with his presence the hearts of his friends.

"At first Cecile awaited his return with a patience pitiful to see, but when month after month went by and no tidings came of him, she gave vent to her despair in violent and uncontrollable grief. To this day no one has ascertained his fate. Some believed that the unfortunate youth was killed in an encounter with Capt. Lymon. It is certain that he never rejoined his company after he left the parish.

"And Cecile, during all these years, has been brooding over her secret sorrow. She is now a wreck, on the borders of insanity. They tell me that there is in her face a wistful, longing look which appeals to the heart. Sometimes it is wild and despairing and overshadows her once beautiful eyes. She has lost all interest in life, and passes her time wandering over the premises, or else she sits where you have often seen her, apparently watching for somebody. Mr. Jacob, ever kind and faithful, has been her guardian.

"Soon after the close of the war he withdrew from the society of his friends and consecrated his life to the service of his beloved Cecile, once the pride of his heart."

On our homeward ride we passed the old house in the dusk of evening.

"Look!" exclaimed my friend, suddenly checking the horse. "There is Mr. Jacob now, walking toward the banks with his daughter."

I scanned the couple with curiosity.

The old man was barefooted, and walked in a stooping posture like one carrying a heavy burden. His shabby clothes hung loosely about him, and the brim of his old hat partially concealed his long straggling locks.

Just as we passed them Cecile turned her face in our direction and silently beckoned to her father.

I shall never forget that weird figure silhouetted in the light of a dying day.—Epsilon in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A New Swindle.

The latest swindle is accomplished by means of a double fountain pen, one end filled with good ink, the other with ink that fades away in a day or two. The sharper's plan is to call on farmers or others, make a trade so advantageous to them that they are willing to agree to it, write the contract or agreement with the ink that fades, then manage so that the victim signs it with the ink that lasts. Then, in a few days, they have the name on a sheet of blank paper on which any sort of a note can be written. People who read the papers are careful how they sign their names to any document offered by a stranger. Others are caught in this new trap.—Lewiston Journal.

It Was the Banjo He Wanted.

"Please, sir," said a young man to the foreman of a paving gang on Selby avenue, "will you give me one of those round cedar blocks?"

"Those blocks belong to the city, my boy. If you are a tax payer they are as much yours as mine; but you don't look like a tax payer. However, I'll give you one if you'll tell me what you want it for."

"I want to cover it with carpet and make a hassock."

"What do you want of a hassock? You ain't a married man."

"Oh, no, sir; but I can trade the hassock for a bird cage to Mrs. Brown. Her bird is dead."

"But what do you want of a bird cage without any bird?"

"Oh, I don't want the cage, but I found out I could trade the cage for an oxidized picture frame."

"There it is again. What good is a picture frame without any picture?"

"But Mr. Oliver has got a picture of Gen. Sheridan, and he said he would trade me a hanging lamp for a good oxidized frame for it."

"So it's a hanging lamp you want?"

"No; I've got no particular use for a lamp; but I can trade a good hanging lamp for a Persian rug, and I can trade the rug for a Mexican parrot, and Tom Higbee will trade me his banjo for the parrot. See! It's the banjo I'm after."—Pioneer Press.

A Great Financier.

Ticks—You remember young Grabber, who went west a couple of years ago, don't you?

Wickles—Yes; how'd he do?

Ticks—Do? Why, simply great. He cleared $5,000 the first year.

W.—I want to know! And how did he do the second year?

T.—Well, the second year he cleared the [illegible]—Boston Courier.

THE DETECTIVE FROM BALTIMORE.

How an Astute Traveler Helped Him Along.

I was approaching Washington in the night from Philadelphia, and should have been entirely alone in the smoking car but for a man who got on at Baltimore. He had a bundle as baggage, and he sat down three seats ahead of me and smoked away without a word for twenty miles. Then he turned and asked:

"Ever do any detective work?"

"No."

"It's very romantic and exciting. Let me introduce myself as Detective Wadsworth, of the Baltimore police."

We shook hands. I gave him my name, and after some general talk he said:

"I hope to catch a crook at the depot in Washington who knows me well by sight. I have got to disguise myself to nab him."

He undid the package and took from it a wig, a necktie and a coat and vest, and from a pocket he drew a pair of blue spectacles. He made the change in three or four minutes, and I had to compliment him on the transformation. I should never have known him to be the same man.

"It's a part of our profession, you know," he explained. "I want you to render me a service when we enter the depot. Go to the back end of the train and work forward. If you meet a fat man wearing a check suit and a stovepipe hat whistle so, and I will be there in three seconds."

I agreed to follow his instructions, and I kept my promise. I saw no fat man, however. Neither did I again see my Baltimore detective. I went to a hotel and went to bed, but was aroused from sleep an hour later by a Washington detective, who compared my face with a photograph, and growled:

"Dash it, you ain't the man, after all!"

"Who are you looking for?"

"A bad man from Baltimore, who gave us the slip at the depot."

"Describe him."

When he had done so I replied:

"Why, that man rode with me in the smoker, and he was a detective. He disguised himself to catch some one here at the depot."

"The dickens he did! And he got you out of the way like the idiot you are! Hang it, man, you had better go and soak your head! Here—I put you under arrest! Come along to the station!"

But they didn't keep me long, and a month later when I ran across the bad man from Baltimore in the city hall at Philadelphia I just exchanged winks with him and passed on.—New York Sun.

An Unpleasant Predicament.

"I say, me deah fellah, get me hat and I'll give you a quartaw."

"All right, boss. Just hold dese a minute."

And just at that moment she came by—view.

Inviolable Secrecy.

"I'll tell you something," remarked Miss Bleecker, "on the dead quiet."

"Very well," replied Miss Beacon Street, of Boston; "I will remember that it is on the deceased silence."—Judge.

It is now announced that Dr. Koch, the distinguished German scientist, has discovered a positive method of averting phthisis and also of arresting the disease when already in progress. It is the inoculation method, such as Jenner applied to smallpox and Pasteur to hydrophobia.